



# PROMETHEUS

*He gave man speech, And speech created thought,  
Which is the measure of the universe.*

Volume V—Issue 3

GREENFIELD COMMUNITY COLLEGE

November 1966

## N.Y. ARCHITECT SELECTED

*"With the attention of the inhabitants of this planet riveted upon the unprecedented scientific achievements being advanced each day, I would like to attempt to amplify, somewhat, a small but important voice in this wilderness. The voice of the spirit of man: how it applies to architecture, and what architecture can mean in terms of a campus plan or an environment for learning and doing.*

*It isn't an easy task to divert the attention of people away from technical gimmicks such as electronic brains, pushbutton devices, disappearing soundproof partitions, artificial weather machines and three-dimensional color television with electronic ray guns for changing programs at a distance. However, I am going to try."*

From: "Architecture for the College Campus"  
by Ernest J. Kump

Announcement was made Tuesday of the selection of a New York architect to design the proposed \$8.5 million Greenfield Community College complex by John J. McCarthy, commissioner of the state Department of Administration and Finance in Boston. This is the first step toward getting plans on the drawing board and onto a timetable for probable completion by September of 1970, state officials said.

Chosen for the design work is Ernest J. Kump of New York City, well-known for relating his buildings to their historical background and fitting them into the atmosphere of the local community; in his words, "sympathetic with the character of the area—its roots, tradition, climate topography."

The firm's name was on top of the list of several possible architects submitted as recommendations by the Architect Selection

Committee composed of college faculty members and administrators, representatives from the community and the GCC student body and the college's advisory board.

College officials expressed pleasure over the choice for these two reasons. President Lewis O. Turner said Kump is well known for pioneering community college design.

The new campus, scheduled to accommodate up to 1,500 students, will be constructed on an 80-acre tract of land in an area known as the Greenfield Meadows. This land has been acquired by the town and will be turned over to the state now that the selection has been approved. The present GCC building, the old junior high school renovated by the state five years ago, will be given back to the town for an elementary school.

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## Work Goes On Behind the Scenes

If you should accidentally walk into the auditorium late one afternoon, you may be confronted with a sight such as Les Harris "punching out" David Brennan. You needn't be too concerned, however, for the action described is simply a part of the "fun" and frustration of preparing **A View From the Bridge** for production.

Continuing to watch, you might also notice that besides the readily discernable cast members, a stream of non-performers are continually running in, out, and around on official-looking missions. These, of course, are the numerous behind-the-scene people who are necessary for the success of any play. They are:

**Student Director:** Cynthia Palmer

**Stage Manager:** George Maiewski

**Assistant Stage Manager:** Robert Jones

**Set Construction:** Dennis Lynch (chairman), William Bartos, Robert Jones

**Properties Committee:** Lauren Corbett (chairman), Randi Kinner, Edith Goss, Martha Boskiewicz

**Publicity Committee:** Marge Audette (chairman), Irene Lively, Jeff Webster

**Program and Tickets Committee:** Sue Palmer (chairman), Irene Lively

**Makeup Committee:** Lauren Corbett (chairman), Christine A Miner, Virginia Pulaski

**Program Cover Design:** Louise Manchino

**Prompters:** Linda Tuttle, S. Beth Foster

**Ushers:** Pat Stahalek (chairman), Bebe Bonk, Jane Caswell, Steve Clark, Elizabeth Janos, Ron LaRoche, Irene Lively, Dennis Lynch, Marie McDonald, James Oates, Mary Anne Palin, Evelyn Shields, Linda Steman, Sherry Spooner, Mark Sullivan, Linda Tuttle

**Typist:** Sue Palmer

The ability and enthusiasm of this cast and crew plus the knowledgeable directing of Mr. Daniel Viamonte form a combination that is a good bet to produce a play that will equal or surpass previous G.C.C. productions.

The success of "A View From the Bridge," however, depends on one factor that is still non-existent. This is an audience. Tickets will soon be on sale and from what this reporter has seen of rehearsals, it would be to your advantage to buy one and use it.



GCC photo by Altken

Harris and Mark Coffey run through the fight scene while (left to right) Brian SanSoucie, Dave Bourdeau, Jean Kelly, Dave Brennan and Miss Hutchinson look on.

## A View From The Bridge

More photos and story on pg. 4



GCC photo by Altken

Sue Hutchinson and Les Harris, who portray a married couple, discuss a tough scene during break in dress rehearsal.

## COUNCIL APPROVES BUDGET

Ever wonder where that \$25 student activity fee you paid in September went to? The College this week released the fund budget, for the 1966-67 scholastic year, appropriated and approved by the Student Council.

Balance on Hand —			
September 1, 1966	\$ 206.85		
Income —			
September 1, 1966 to date	13,236.20		
	13,443.05		
Paid Out —			
September 1, 1966 to date	928.43		
Transferred to President's Unrestricted Fund	1,968.66		
Available for Encumbrance	\$10,545.96	(100%)	
Encumbered as follows:			
I. Publications Board	\$3,550.00	(34%)	
A. Prometheus	\$1,350.00	(13%)	
B. Proteus	2,000.00	(19%)	
C. Photographic Staff	200.00	(2%)	
II. Music and Drama Board	1,300.00	(12%)	
III. Physical Activities Board	1,575.00	(15%)	
A. Outing Club	600.00	(6%)	
B. Bowling Club	125.00	(1%)	
C. Sports Program	850.00	(8%)	
IV. Social Activities Board	2,000.00	(19%)	
V. Special Interests Board	300.00	(3%)	
A. S.N.A.M.	300.00	(3%)	
Total Encumbered	\$ 8,725.00	(83%)	
Balance - General Student Council and Contingency Reserve	\$ 1,820.96	(17%)	
This could be compared to last year's budget:			

Income from fees:	\$11,522.50	(100%)
Encumbered Items		
I. President's Unrestricted Fund	\$ 1,728.38	(15%)
II. Student Council General (Operating and Contingency Reserve)	\$ 2,124.94	(18%)
III. Publications Board	\$ 2,522.29	(22%)
A. Newspaper	\$802.29	1,650
B. Yearbook	\$1720.00	2,200
Photo		261
IV. Social Activities Board	2,640 + police	\$2,510.50 (22%)
V. Music and Drama Board	1,300	\$ 1,136.39 (10%)
VI. Physical Activities Board	2,000	\$ 1,500.00 (13%)
Other clubs and organizations yet to be formed, especially under the Special Interests Board, may submit requests as needs arise. Appropriations for these purposes, and additions to the above monies, may be made from the Contingency Reserve.		

## College Adopts "Son"



Little Ho-Quang-Son poses outside his home on the fringe of the Vietnam jungle. His "adopted" parents received their first letter from him recently.

Through the enthusiasm of Mildred Tassinari '66, students of Greenfield Community College have become one of the more than 5,000 groups who are Foster Parents of children in foreign countries. Late last year Miss Tassinari attended a conference for high school and college service organizations and student government leaders of the Commonwealth. Speaking at this meeting, Senator Kennedy discussed the people of Vietnam and what can be done to help them. Greatly impressed, our representative returned to G.C.C. and related to the Student Council her enthusiasm and her interest in the ideas expressed at the meeting, namely, helping a child and his family through the Foster Parents Plan.

For \$15 a month, our college has been bringing new life and hope to an affectionate little Vietnamese boy and his family. He is Ho Quang Son (the last name is always first and the first name last) of Binh Tuy, a village about 107 miles north of Saigon. Plan's case worker has reported that although Son is very shy, he is "innately very friendly, quickly responsive to kindness and interest." Although little Son attends first grade at a private school (schools in Vietnam are not usually free), his oldest sister, age 12, had to give up her classes because of lack of money. Son's mother suffers from severe asthma attacks and his father, a day laborer who earns 69 cents a day, has contracted tuberculosis and cannot work regularly. Son lives with his parents, three sisters, one brother and his grandmother in an 18' x 12' house roofed and walled with palm leaf thatch and floored with naked earth. Three wooden beds, a hammock, a table, and two long benches furnish the house.

In August, the College received its first letter from the child. Written by a neighbor and translated by the Plan's personnel, it reads in part: "Since I became your foster child, life has been made easier for my family and my parents have been less needy. Words fail me to thank you adequately."

Through the Foster Parent's Plan, Son receives a cash grant of \$8 a month in addition to clothing, supplies, special medical care, an opportunity to go to school and the wise and friendly encouragement of the Plan's social workers and director in Vietnam.

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Greenfield Community College Students

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# GUEST EDITORIALS

*Editor's Note: This page is open to any student, faculty or other opinion, whether in the form of a guest editorial or a letter to the editor. All submissions must be signed but initials or pseudonyms will be used on request.*  
—Editor

## Thus Spake Halitosis

By Paul Allen

Having been disturbed in the midst of his daily sabbatical in the library, Halitosis arose and with his trusted disciple Parsifal Smith began the descent into the depths of the building, whence came the source of their distraction. Presently they came upon a gathering of students seated across from the Snack Bar administering the rites of the great god Squawbox, by continually feeding records to a phonograph. Above the record player hung a sign proclaiming:

**"The Tendency Is Definitely Bourgeois Smug!"**

Seeing the sign, Halitosis winced and spake saying: "My name is Halitosis, and I am a bad breath to the nonbelievers!" Then did the congregation look, with utter disdain, upon the scraggly Halitosis, resplendent in his paisley monk's habit.

"May I play one of my records?" queried Halitosis.

"Sure, go right ahead," answered one of the group. "We're democratic, and one noise is just as equal as another!" And so it came to pass that the Bacchates-Beneath-the-Stairs removed their record (the latest hit song; something called "Oh Spontaneous Me") and replaced it with the disk which Halitosis preferred. The melodic music was strange and foreign to them, so naturally they complained, demanding that Halitosis inform them as to the origin of this strange art form.

"This," explained Halitosis, "is the **Pandemonium for Tutti et Frutti Con Variazioni**, composed by Rudolfo Wojtisiewicz, the well-known Polish obstructionist."

And then the sons and daughters of Sigmund Freud realized that Halitosis must be the son of Frodo and hailed him as such. And it came to pass that the multitude pleaded with Halitosis, saying, "Master teach us about art."

Halitosis examined himself in the mirror on the cigarette machine to make sure that he looked quite enigmatic, and then began his sermon thusly: "Consider when man was but another animal and crawled the earth while nature towered all around him. Using nature for his basis, he created art and it too towered beyond his reach. But alas, man was also a material builder and soon his structures were equal and almost mightier than nature. Your fathers could see the sky beyond what their fathers had built and so they endeavored to build even higher, not so as to get a better view of the sky but just to surpass what their father had built.

"Oh my generation, weep, weep, for I say unto you that our fathers have reached the limit. Art has always been a process of looking upwards, but now all that greets our view is the omnipresent vulgarity of the previous generations; and so our gaze is forced downwards and all we have left to contemplate are the sidewalks. So it is that our painting looks like a cracked pavement, our music is that of a cement mixer at top speed, and our literature is an ode to a steamroller!"

Now at these words the multitude was awed and none dared speak, save Parsifal, Halitosis'

trusted aide-de-camp, who bemoaned the fate of art. "But does this mean that Art is dead?"

And Halitosis answered thus, "Yes my child I fear it is true, but listen carefully to what I am about to say."

The congregation now became intense, still praying for the salvation of their old god.

"What is a symphony to a deaf man?" quoth Halitosis.

"Pity the deaf man," wailed the multitude.

"What is a great painting to a blind man?" queried the bearded prophet.

"Pity the blind man," shouted the students as they gnashed their teeth in frustration.

Now was Halitosis angered at his followers and he chastised them, saying, "Pity the man who possesses all the senses and comprehends only the possession."

Thus reprimanded the multitude leapt up as one, smashing the phonograph and all the other false idols. It was then that Halitosis espied Parsifal weeping in a corner.

"What about art?" muttered Parsifal.

"Art is dead," whispered Halitosis, "but what is art anyway? Remember, in the land of the human vegetables, drooling is an art."

Thus spake Halitosis as Kahlil Gibran turned in his grave.

## Black Power

By Fred Dowilliby

"Man grasps himself by images and images can be changed." Such was the essence of the now arbitrary term, "Black Power" as expounded by Mr. Mayfield in his recent visit.

For 300 years the American Negro has been conditioned to believe in his inferiority, to be ashamed of his negritude and of his culture. It all started when Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin and slaves became necessary to harvest the snowballing cotton crop. Since then slavery has been abolished and the black race has, in this country, been set free.

Or has it?

The Civil Rights Bill provides for equal rights, but people don't forget or change their attitudes easily. The negro is still being discriminated against only in a more subtle way.

The negro culture still fosters self-hatred and contempt for self in the negro simply because he has never had any reason to believe otherwise. Because attitudes are so hard to change, the majority of negroes alive today will never FEEL equal, regardless of whatever civil reforms are established.

They are ashamed of their blackness, their kinky hair, their speech, their rhythmic walk, in short their negritude. They have been brought up being ashamed of self and when one is ashamed of oneself he has no self-respect. Is it any wonder then that there is a majority of negroes that show contempt for the white man? How can a man with no self-respect have respect for another human being?

Clearly the answer is in the negro is being proud of his negritude rather than trying to hide it or being ashamed of it. Then and only then can he respect himself as a fellow human and start to contribute to society. The re-evaluation of self is the present movement of Black Power, contrary to the connotation of the term.

Is the negro then blameless?

Yes, I say he is blameless.

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## A Vignette

By Mark Falbo

It seems as though the gang at G.C.C. is about to begin their daily discussion again. Let's zoom in and meet the characters. Sitting in true Yoga fashion is Miss Tickle, who is trying to attain perfect "oneness" or something to that effect. Next to the girl in the loin-cloth is Greta Physics who delights in the frustration of trying to know what she knows is unknowable. Blathering away between themselves are Mr. E. Vegetable (alias Izzy Living) and his girl Margo Model. These charmers represent the mass; you know, the horrendous globs of jelly-flesh. At the head of the circle is Sue Doe (alias I. M. Prosey), great sage and well-known idol with clay feet. And finally the protagonist, whom you will love and take to your heart, Les B. Real.

Greta-You know, I've come to the conclusion that there is no such entity as Truth, ultimate that is. After listening to myself argue for 1007 hours I'm positive that there is no Truth. Do you hear me world, no Truth!

Sue-My dear dear Greta, you must take into consideration that although you may be correct, you have just made a true statement. You sweet thing, you have stated an ultimate Truth. You have contradicted your own argument.

Greta-Again, oh great sage with with clay feet?

Sue-Yes dear, again.

Greta Oh well the search for knowledge must go on. I shall drink until I find it. I shall quench my thirst for knowledge. (pauses) No, perhaps I shan't. Yet I shall find much useful information along the way. Now is it useful? (More pause) There's a question I can question.

Sue-Yes, do that. You two over there, mind your manners.

Izzy-Sorry, chick, just listening to this swinging cut of the "Atrocities", a bunch of Greeks but can they wait.

Margo-Yeah.

Izzy-Man, did I get bombed last night. After I split from your pad, me and my wheels hit 98 miles per hour. Of course that was what the speedometer read, probably little slower.

Margo-Yeah.

Les-May I interject?

Margo-Yeah.

Sue-Not you again. When are you going to get rid of that white hat, you blithering idiot?

Les-Not going to. It's good for my image.

Sue-True.

Greta-No, I say. I say No Truth.

Sue-Yes, dear.

Les-May I continue? As I watch the students of this college, I feel as if I'm partaking in a cineramic movie on surrealism. Nothing but nothing is real. Everyone has his warm womb he creates. Safe behind the moist walls of metaphysics, literature, trances, or general silly game-playing. Positively Psychotic. Schools have the tendency, by their very nature, to make students bleary eyed, but as the students learn they forget what it's all for. Don't look at me with your mouths hanging open. It's for pragmatic use later in life. Outside of these red bricks believe or not, there are people living and dying, starving, fighting back, and every thing else that makes up this bloody world. And here we have a surplus of people who aren't burdened with responsibility. And what do they do? Sit on their "fundamental butts"!!! Why not make the college into a weapon against apathy rather

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## World Column

## MEIN KAMPF

By John Foley

After all, Jamie C., they can make it without you . . . you with your constricted bowels, malfunctioning id, and generally warped outlook. Your more benevolent members, however functional they might seem, somehow can't stomach you . . . your hand-to-mouth worship of the unplain and complicated, your seething disrespect (not ignorance) of the minority, your wonderful brutality. For close to the heart of the self-respecting human being lies a curious trait—individuality. It is the expression of this disease that you, Jamie, hate; but perhaps for quite a different reason than you usually offer. For yours is the only way, isn't it? Gallileo shouldn't have buckled Aristotle and, for Pollyanna's sake, Joe should have nothing to do with those heathens (pagan life makes one so) across the street. No,

your children were not born, they were pulled out of a hat. Whether their children achieve the same Yoga position depends completely on the stringency of those well-established catechism classes.

But what? You shouldn't cry, O Messiah, you shouldn't be able to cry. For upon your mesentery shoulders lies the burden of Pandora's Box. Straighten up . . . chin out . . . stomach in . . . and hold it! Sure it's uncomfortable, but, as you told us, it's only because it's different to you. A little perseverance (not blind acceptance) will do the trick. And when it's over, maybe all that which went before won't seem so didactic. The giggles will cease (your members won't remember), and there will be a half-smile on your now greaseless puss as you convivially and nearly gracefully respond to your naturally born child's request of "Home, Jamie."

## Letters to the Editor

### Suggests Speakers

Recently a speaker program was organized in which lectures are to be presented to the student body. Although the speakers invited to lecture within their particular bailiwick are satisfactory, the writer suggests that a more controversial expertise be made available to the students instead. This increased controversy would serve a two-fold purpose: modifying the somewhat intellectually stagnant discussions that transpire on our campus, and raising a few eyebrows in this staid old town.

Might we suggest some possible programs?

1. George L. Rockwell  
"America and What It Means to Me"
2. Barry Goldwater  
"The Question of Morality in Nuclear Warfare"
3. Ralph Ginsberg  
"The Postal System and Its New Role as Censor"
4. Hugh Hefner  
"Social Mutations on American Campuses"
5. Timothy Leary  
"Necessary Reforms in Drug Legislation"
6. "Lady-Bird (Coccinellidae) Johnson  
"Uses of Floral Arrangements Along Interstate Highways"
7. Robert Shelton  
"Southern Fraternal Organizations and the Negro Community"
8. Cassius Clay (Mohammed Ali)  
"Loop Holes in the Selective Service System"

B. Hedquist

### Unfair Politics

In my opinion the student council election held here at Greenfield Community College was unfair. In most cases the students vying for the offices of President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer were not made known to the freshman class. If we hadn't seen their pictures, we would not have known who they were. This is also true of the students running for representatives from the freshman class. There was very little "campaigning" as I know it. I think the administration should have scheduled an assembly where the candidates could have spoken to the student body and expressed their plans for the coming year. In this way both classes would have voted for the students that they thought could do the best job and not for those students that their friends told them to vote for.

In the September 1966 issue of *Prometheus* you printed an article entitled *It's a Man's World* in which was presented a very brief and sketchy history of the newspaper along with a bulk of propaganda concerning the glories of college newspaper work; in the interest of the somewhat unusual history of *Prometheus* I would like to make an addition to that article.

Well within the precedent established during the paper's first half-year of operation Marion Bliss tackled the editorship during the next two years of its existence.

Remembering well what Carl Becker has pointed out, that "the

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## Poet's Corner

### A Little Hum for Mrs. Price

If there were favorites  
In this cheerless world,  
I'd number you among,  
And understand a warmth,  
That but this physical season  
Reasonably denies:  
Cold leaves weeping before the  
moon,  
Tears, freezing to the solid tune  
Of "over!"  
Drip me promises of melting  
And I will rock in my green  
leather  
Without disputing an old age  
To things that had a youth.  
I'll sleep,  
I'll sun,  
Until I'm done and mumified.

Richard Charles Thayer

### Two Haiku

"La mer, la mer, toujours recommencée," Valery  
These, our groping hearts,  
Searching, in the twilight shadows;  
The pulsing sea.  
Mountains of sorrow,  
Unclimbed, seas not sailed; our  
dreams  
Trail a fallen star.

Brian Marsh

## CONCERT

featuring  
**Charles Greene**  
and  
**Maria Gregorie**  
Thursday Night  
G.C.C. Auditorium

Maybe, if this had been done more students would have come out to vote and made it a fair election.

Mary Scherpa



FACULTY SPEAKS

By George Draper, Jr., English Dept.

There was once a teacher who was asked by the college newspaper to write an article about real learning.

"Gladly," he said.

The article read:

"The essence of real learning is . . . For to see beyond the printed page. . . And in the final analysis . . . between the social dynamics of a structurally oriented institution and the . . . You should not . . . when true interrelationships are overlooked for . . . Clearly, it is up to the student himself . . . Outer directed stages of the learning process . . . So in conclusion . . . joins hands in a . . . our fervent hopes . . . the future of our country as a whole . . . and those who follow after us."

The article was fairly well received. Three teachers in his department and two administrators congratulated him on it, and the head of the college patted him on the shoulder. Moreover, four students complimented him after class, and two during office hours, which meant—if you apply the Herzkrank theorem—that 65.2 percent of the students had read the article and, of these, 93 percent had found it inoffensive. Dittos of the article were made and sent to the graduates, and someone quoted from it in a memo.

In two weeks everyone had forgotten about it completely.

The teacher, perceiving this, was rather shocked and disappointed—until he realized that he himself had forgotten about it. "My God," he thought, "What does this mean?" Quickly, he ran and got the article from his desk, read it through, and then sat for a while in thought.

"What a piece of junk," he said at last. "What an incredible piece of junk."

The very next day, he tried an experiment. In the middle of his lecture—which made some basic connections between the later thought of Benjamin Franklin and the early prose style of Henry Miller—he said, without changing the tone of his voice or the manner of his delivery: "Brek kek-a-kek ko-ax, ko-ax."

His students didn't bat an eye. "Brek kek-a-kek, ko-ax, ko-ax," he repeated.

Their reaction was the same, except that one boy in the back row stopped taking notes.

"Brek kek-a-kek, ko-ax, ko-ax," he said for the third time



and when, after fifty-two repetitions, the students seemed not to have noticed the difference, he ordered them to take out a piece of paper and summarize the main point of his lecture.

The results were as usual. The A students got it perfectly; the B students wrote things like "Brek kek the coat, ko-ex, ko-ex"; one F student, a notorious goof-off, wrote "Bring on the coke and Borax, co-ed." Disgusted, the teacher threw the test papers into the wastebasket. The students cheered, and voted him teacher of the month.

"Have I always known so little?" he asked himself in despair. At last, he was forced to go to the Tick-tock man, whose arms move in circles and whose word is law.

"What can I do?" the teacher asked. "Where have I gone wrong? Who is to blame?"

"Stop being hysterical and state your problem," said the Tick-tock man.

The teacher swallowed the gum in his mouth and the pride in his heart. "I want to know what real learning is," he said.

"Real learning," said the Tick-tock man slowly, "involves recollecting what you thought you never knew."

"Oh?" said the teacher. He thought about it for a while.

"Oh," he said finally. "Yes. I see that. In fact, I've always known it."

"Precisely."

"Well, now, tell me this," began the teacher.

"I'm afraid your time is up."

"No, no, you must. You must tell me how to implement. How to teach. To know won't help at all unless I . . ."

"I'm sorry. Time's up. You're through. Punch out," intoned the Tick-tock man.

So the teacher had to return to college and teach. He taught with as much concern and ability as he had; he taught as well as he could. It was a better compromise, because he saw so clearly what he wanted to do; yet he noticed that some of his students learned will-nilly, because they desired it; others, he could help to recollect. And as he thought about this, he recollected that it had happened before, and saw that it would probably happen again. He felt proud to be a teacher, and more than a little helpless.

When he was next asked to write an article about real learning, he refused, giving no explanation.

This story is rarely told outside of faculty meetings.

Black Power . . .

(Continued from page 2)

Would one of us, brought up believing we were inferior, that our race or nationality was subservient, be proud of obvious physical distinctions? Would we grow to like something we've come to identify with the idea of inferiority, namely ourselves? What would we do about it, if the tools at our disposal consisted of a grade school education, an inferior attitude and a history of exploitation? Would we not act in the same chaotic way.

In the course of the development of human consciousness, as stated by Mr. Mayfield, there are 3 distinct steps.

The first is one all men go through, one when man asks himself: how can I function? How can I perform the necessary tasks to get along in this environment? In answering this, the person develops skills, learns the language in use, in short, all the necessary social skills. These are the social tools.

The next phase of human consciousness is when man asks himself: who am I? It is this that determines the use of the tools, the learned social skills. A unique place of function is needed to identify with for this to happen properly. Man NEEDS to have a positive identification with a race, country, or species. The negro now has one of negativism, one of inferiority. It is this the Black Power movement is striving to improve, the improvement of self-concept.

The third and final phase is one that states: what shall I do with this?

In the present situation the answer to the third phase will be manifested in the ballot box, the right to equal representation.

Our humanity must take precedence over our individual differences for the betterment of mankind. WE MUST ALL ACCEPT OUR COMMON OBLIGATION TO HUMANITY.

We are all similar to a slate when born and society determines what is to be written on that slate. The negro is what this superiority — inferiority — conscious society has made him. It is up to society in general to erase their mistakes, rather than, now that the negro has been made inferior by society, leave him to shift for himself. He is the product of the society in which he was fostered. We are not blameless because we don't contribute, in a positive way, any more than if we watched a girl student being raped in the hall and do nothing about it. Our acquiescence testifies to our guilt.

Vignette . . .

(Continued from page 2)

er than a reflection of that apathy? Why not discuss problems relevant to the "outside"? Why not set up organizations that are concerned with school life in relation to Life life? Grapple with the problems of methods of doing and we are on our way to Utopia. Utopia—Yes, Utopia, you fools. Arise drooling bears of winter; all you can lose is everything!! (pause) Think I'll go out and talk with a derelict. Whew.

(Exit protagonist) Miss Tickle-Oh hell and damnation. It's happened!! I have always feared it would. Perfect "Oneness" has split and become twoness!!!

Greta-Naturally it's relative to threeness and fourness. In fact, it seems we are all relative to infinity. Hmm, that's interesting. Watch me delve. Margo-Yeah.

Campus Column

Under the Table

By Brian Gilmore

The Boy Blunder from U.T. T.S. or the writer who cried Uncle has been Meadowlarking (Ha Ha) in the snack bar lately and has seen many wondrous sights or side shows this fine month of October. If I didn't have my calendar watch on I might think that it was spring instead of Winter. The Battle of the Slobs or He Who Litters is Lost, is rapidly gaining points over the dark horse, cleanliness. I understand Shelburne Falls is looking for a new dump. Well the G.C.C. Snack Bar is off to a good start in building its own. Its either the students who are making the mess or Mr. Sweeney is bringing his junk in from Shelburne Falls. Junk all around is one thing but when you add music it creates a giant whirlpool called ????

There is a new book coming out on the market called **Born to be Bored At GCC** or I'd rather Switch (Futures) Than Fight. Although things are going on a little better this year than last, the students of this sand box are either studying all the time or sitting doing nothing at all. Six-hundred students can't support anything at all that goes on in the school. Oh, they are making improvements though—last year there were six people watching the first flick of the season. This year we had eighteen in all. With improvements like this we might have a full house by the year 1984.

LIBRARY PROCEDURES

Reserve books are a necessary evil. No one likes them—teachers, students, or librarians. But they supplement class work and textbooks with selected and good extra material which is only available in a single or a very few copies. Obviously the only reasons for reserving material are: 1. the reading supplements the course being taught; and, 2. the material is in short supply. In order to insure the chances of an entire class getting a chance to use reserved material the library asks that all students follow the following procedures when seeking reserved material in the library:

1. Ask for the book (or paper, pamphlet, etc.) which is reserved at the charging desk. When

But there are real workers at GCC. Why, I saw a girl labor diligently for hours on a new point system evaluating her dates. This just goes to show how well we are being educated in the New Math System, almost every student can count to ten. With hunting season just around the corner I propose a new limit. At least four Ya Hoos to each hunter. You can get your license to kill at the office of G. P. ShawSKI (Ya Hoos don't ski) This new quota might help kill off some of the surplus students.

The French King Bridge Massacre had its first anniversary last Columbus day. The celebration last year was an eventful evening with cut fingers from pop top cans, psychotic reaction from the state police, and training for special forces crawling through the woods blind. Later in the evening the whole party moved on to the PLACE in Shelburne Falls on Route 2. Where after an entertaining but frightful conversation with the Little Blue Man the gang went rolling home to mother singing ROLLING HOME DEAD???

Things of interest that fell under the table this month:

1. The Great Pumpkin (in six pieces).
2. Teachers being taken for students (and vice versa) at Parent's Night.
3. Parents being mistaken for guides on selfsame night as above.



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## Sports Column

## SPORTS ROUND-UP

By Bruce Hedquist

Elsewhere in the sports world, there transpired, a few weeks ago, a very historic event. The reference is made to the dramatic four game "sweep" of the World-Series by the Baltimore Orioles over the Los Angeles Dodgers.

The significant aspect of this particular series was supposed to be a possible answer to the age-old question of hitting versus pitching. Baltimore came into the series with their huge bats of Frank and Brooks Robinson, "Boog" Powell, and Curt Blefary, but with a mediocre (what was thought to be anyhow) starting mound staff. On the other hand, L.A. had great pitching in the persons of Sandy Koufax, Don Drysdale and Phil Reagan, plus a reasonably good hitting attack and a vaunted defense. People were crying L.A. in five. But what happened?

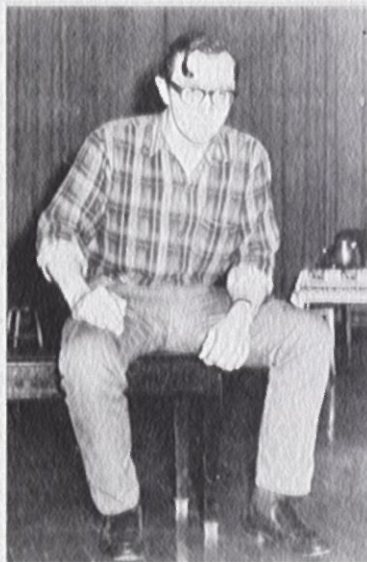
No one envisioned a horrendous L.A. batting slum (possibly due to an anti-climax factor after desperately fighting for the "privilege" to meet the "Birds"), a collapse of the L.A. defense during the second game and an awesome display of pitching ability on the part of Baltimore throughout the series. What must hurt L.A. is that

their pitching staff did a commendable job too despite losing four in a row. They limited Baltimore to team batting avg. of .200, the lowest of a winning team in history. Baltimore managed to plate only 13 runs, an avg. of approximately 3 runs a game. In fact, L.A.'s "earned run average" was even lower since a few of those runs came on errors. However, they served that home-run pitch a few times too many.

Many records were either tied or broken: Moe Drabowsky's six consecutive strikeouts (tie) and 11 as a reliever (record), the 33 consecutive scoreless innings (record) and the three shutouts in a row (tie) which both date back to 1905, and the 16 hits for four games (record) are just a few. Also some sort of a record must have been set when two consecutive games were shut-outs when there was only two ever before.

No predictions will be made but could the "R & R" boys of Baltimore repeat what another set of "R & R" boys (Romulus and Remus) did and build a dynasty down there in the "land of crabs"? Anyone taking bets for next year?

## WHO'S ON THE BRIDGE



Anger, determination, obsession, reflect on the face of Harris, who plays the leading role of EDDIE CARBONE, as he sits alone on stage.

Leslie Harris, Eddie, is presently living in Greenfield but is originally from Vermont. While in high school Les appeared in several plays, including *Arsenic and Old Lace*. Leslie is 23 years old and has spent a few years in the Army before entering G.C.C. where he plans to continue working toward a degree in psychology.

Jean Kelly, Catherine, is 19 and comes from Millers Falls. She has had considerable experience at Turners Falls High School, where she appeared in *The World Tomorrow*, *Take Me To Your President*, and *Annie Get Your Gun*. Jean was seen last year in the college's production of *The Alchemist*. She indicates her major interest in college as either English or elementary education.

Susan Hutchinson, Beatrice, plans to become a Medical Secretary upon graduation from G.C.C. Sue is 19 and attended Greenfield High School, where she was seen in *The Mouse That Roared*. Also, she had a role in the drama class play, *Run, Robber, Run*.

David Bordeaux, Alfieri, lives in Lake Pleasant and attended high school in Turners. He had roles in numerous plays, namely *A Great Choice*, *High Cockle-lorum*, and *Riders To The Sea*. He participated in the Junior Prize Speaking Contest and wrote the Class Day performance. David is 18 and is majoring in math at G.C.C.

Mark Anthony Coffey, Marco, is from Springfield, Mass., and now makes his unofficial home in Greenfield. Among his acting credits are *St. Joan of Arc*, and the college plays, *Everyman* and *The Alchemist*. Mark is 21 and has no preferred field of specialization yet.

David Brennan, Rudolpho, is 17 and comes from Hatfield, Mass., where he went to Smith Academy. While there, he took part in several productions, including "The Skeleton Walks," "The Balcony Scene," "Meet Me in St. Louis," and "Hillbilly Wedding." He was seen in the operetta, *The Pirates of Penzance* and will add another operetta to his credit when he participates in the December 2 and 3 presentation of "Julia Sees Her" at Frontier Regional High School. In addition, he has acted in 4-H plays, namely "The Man in the Bowler Hat," "The Valiant" and "Grandad Steps Out." David's major interest in college is the liberal arts program.

Philip Lapan, Mike, is a history and government major at G.C.

C. Phil is from Haydenville, Mass., where he appeared in many plays, such as *Our Town*, *Town Crooks* and *a Lady*, *The Perfect Gentlemen* and *The Revolt of Mother*. He spent four years in the drama club in high school, which would make him a veteran of the stage since he was 13 years old.

Brian San Soucie, Louis is from Turners Falls and attended Turners Falls High School. He was seen in the Senior Play *Take Me To Your President*. Brian, 19, is an accounting major at G.C.C.

Scott Garvey, Tony, is 18 and a recreation major. Here he is participating in his first play. Scott comes from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where he attended North Allegheny High School. He hopes eventually to utilize his recreation background to coach sports.

Brian Gilmore, First Immigration Officer, has acted with the Stockade Players in *Mr. Rob-*



Coffey attempts to wrestle knife from Harris' hand as Miss Kelly covers her mouth in horror.

"Grandad Steps Out." George is 18 and plans to make a career in business management.

## ENCORE!

Do you often wonder what the faculty does for you—the student? Come to Club 125 on December 3 at 8 p.m. and find out. This year, as last year, J.P. and the Moonlighters will make their scheduled appearance to provide the musical entertainment for the students. Other faculty members participating in the entertainment are E. P. and the Barmaids, and K. H. and the Waltzing Along Go-Go Girls.

Admission to the Club will be 50 cents, and the proceeds will go to the Scholarship Fund. Help support your college as you have an enjoyable evening of dining and dancing. Also, isn't it worth it to have the faculty wait on you? Come to see your favorite, as well as not so favorite, teachers be either waiters, musicians, bartenders, or doormen. Which teacher will wait on you? Only your attendance will reveal the secret.

The date to remember is December 3 at 8 p.m. in the G. C. C. auditorium, otherwise known as CLUB 125. See you all there!

## Architect...

(Continued from page 1)

The college also presently leases the nearby Corsiglia building on Newell Court for the nursing program.

GCC opened in the fall of 1962 with an enrollment of 125 students. Since then, the total figure has jumped to 565.

Kump will soon come to study the contour of the site and the history of the area before he attacks the drawing board.

"While a form of architecture may fit sympathetically into one area, it would be at the same time be completely out of harmony with the character of another region," Kump believes.

"This does not mean," he emphasizes, "an electric copy of traditional forms in architecture, but a creative interpretation that results in a harmony of feeling."

"The great population explosion in this country is sweeping away all sensitivity to human values and human dignity like a vast tidal wave. As a result, we are constructing larger and larger campuses . . . which reduce the individual student to an anonymous unit. The small college campus is the best hope in education today for preserving the dignity and respect of the individual . . ."

Without a doubt, GCC will have a campus to belong to and be proud to be a part of.

## Marion Bliss...

(Continued from page 2)

true way to imitate the Greeks is not to imitate them, since the Greeks themselves imitated no one," Marion made some very appropriate changes in the structure of *Prometheus*. By incorporating many of the features of the original editions she introduced a new format and printing procedure and by combining with them a great creative ability she succeeded in raising *Prometheus* from the realm of pseudo intellectual left-wingism into a first-rate Community College newspaper.

The figure of *Prometheus* conjures up two ideas: responsibility, as expressed in his defiance of Zeus and his dedication to his own conscience, and thought, which demands an intellectual responsibility to that conscience, hence, *Prometheus* stands for informed, responsible and intelligent journalism—a journalism which represents a combination of informed opinion, a responsibility to undistorted facts, and an intelligent presentation of both opinion and facts.

In the risk of sounding modest, Marion Bliss worked harder on, and spent many more sleepless nights over, *Prometheus* than I ever did and I would appreciate you giving her the

recognition which she deserves. The speech which dominated her issues certainly created thought.

Norm Hall, Past Editor

## Books...

(Continued from page 3)

no one else is waiting for it the reader may sign it out again for the following 2 hours.

4. Bring the reserved material back to the charging desk when you are through with it and leave it there for the librarians to have ready for the next reader.

5. Sometimes instructors allow reserves to circulate either overnight during the week, or over a holiday or weekend. If your material falls in this category the orange Reserve card will so indicate. The following rules apply to these reserves only:

a. Checkout time will normally be anytime after 5 p.m. depending upon supply and demand and discretion of the librarian.

b. Sign the orange Reserve card with the date, your full name, and write **overnight** beside your name.

c. These books must be returned to the charging desk by 9 a.m. of the first school day following the charging out.

d. If reserve material is not returned on time the privilege of removing it at all from the library will have to be revoked for all students.

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